BY CHARLES READE.

The next morning, at 10 o'clock, Gerard ar Margaret were in the church at Sevenbergenhe radiant with joy, she with blushes. Pet was also there, and Martin Wittenhaagen, be no other triend. Secrecy was covrything Margaret had declined Italy. She could need to be seen that the secret was too learned and to helpiese.

But it was settled they should retire int Manders for a few weeks, until the storm should be blown over at Tergou. The cure did no seep them waiting long though it seemed a age. Presently he stood at the altar and calle them to him. They went hand in hand, the happiest in Holland. The cure opened hook.

But ere he had uttered a single word of the

ook. But ere he had uttered a single word of th But ere he had uttered a single word of the sacred rite, a harsh voice cried "Forbear." An the constables of Tergou came up the aisle an seized Gerard in the name of the law. Martin long knife flashed out directly. "Forbear, man!" cried the priest. "What four weapon in a church! And you was apt this hely sacrament—what means the import of the constant of the const

"Death sooner!"
"As you please." And the Burgomaster rered.
Martin went with all speed to Sevenbergen ;
sees he found Margaret pale and agitated, but
lid of resolution and energy. She was just but
hing a letter to the Countess Charolois, appeal
g to her against the violence and treachery of

g to her against the violence and treachery of hysbrecht.
"Courage!" cried Martin, on entering, "I ave found him. He is in the haunted tower, ght at the top of it. Ay! I know the placa, any a poor fellow has gone up there straight, ad come down feet foremost."

He then told them how he had looked up and em Gerard's face at a window, that was like a it in the wall.

"Oh, Martin! how did he look?"
"What mean you? He looked like Gerard erardsoen."

"But was he pale?"

"Looked he anxious? Looked he like one "Nay, nay; as bright as a pewter pot,"
"Nay, nay; as bright as a pewter pot,"
"You meck me. Ah! then that was at sight
tyou. He counts on us. Oh! what shall we
o? Martin, good friend, take this at once to
otterdam."

Martin held out his hand for the letter, but
as interrupted.

as interrupted.

Peter had sat silent all this time, but ponder, g, and, contrary to his usual custom, keenly itentive to what was going on around him.

"Put not your trust in princes," said he.

"Also what else have we to trust in?"

"Knowledge."

"Alas: father, your learning will not serve usere."

"How know you that? Wit has been too rong for iron bars ere today."

"Ah, father; but nature is stronger than wit, ad she is against us. Think of the height of ladder in Holtand might reach."

"I need no ladder, what I need is a gok own."

"In need no ladder, what I need is a gok own."

"Nay, I have money, for that matter. I have ine angels. Gerard gave them me to keep ut what do they avail? The Burgomaster ill not be bribed to let Gerard free."

"What do they avail? Give me but one own, and the young man shall sup with usin night."

Peter spoke so eagerly and confidently, that or a moment Margaret felt hopeful; but she sught Martin's eye dwelling upon him with as the procession of benevolent contempt.

"It passes the powers of man's invention, ild she with a deep sigh.

"Invention!" cried the old man. "A fig for wention! What need we invention at this me of day? Everything has been said that to be said, and done that can be done. I shall all you how a Florentine knight was abut us a tower higher than Gerard's; yet did highful squire stand at the tower foot and geme out, with no other engine than that in your and, Martin, and certain kickshaws I shall uy for a crown."

Martin looked at his bow, and turned it rounce.

It was nine o'clock on a clear moonlight ght; Gersrd, senior, was still away; the rest his little family had been some time abed.

A figure stood by the dwarf's bed. It was hite, and the mootlight shone on it.

With an unearthly noise, between a yell and snarl, the gymnast rolled off his bed and uner it by a single unbroken movement. A solice followed him in his retreat.

"Why, Giles, are you afeard of me?"

At this, Giles head peoped cautionals and he saw it was only his sister Kele.

and, Martin, and certain kickshaws I shall by for a crown."

Martis looked at his bow, and turned it round his hand; and seemed to interrogate it. But he examination left him as incredulous as before.

Then Peter told them his story, how the hithful squire got the knight out of a highwar at Brescia. The maneuvre, like most aims that are really scientific, was so simple hat now their wonder was they had taken for apossible, a thing which was not even difficult.

The letter never went to Rotterdam. They usted to Peter's learning and their own damerity.

It was nine o'clock on a clear moonlightight; Gerard, senior, was still away; the resulting the senior, was still away; the resulting the senior, was still away; the resulting the senior was still away; the senior was still away; the resulting the senior was still away; the senior was senior was

GOOD FIGHT.



WEEKLY EDITION-NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

"Hush! lest the wiened Cornells, or the wide Sybrandt hear us."
She then revealed to Gibs that she had heard Cornels and Sybrandt mention Gerards name and being herself in great anxiety at his net coming home all day, had instened at their door and had made a fearful discovery. Gerard was a prison, in the haunted tower of the Stadt-Bouse. Nouse, He was there it seemed by his father's author

He was there it seemed by his father's authority. But here must be some treachery, for how sould their father have ordered this cruel act 1 so was at Rotterdam. She ended by entreating Giles to bear her company to the foot of the sounted tower, to say a word of comfort to pooferard, and let him know their father was absent, and would be sure to release him on his aturn. eturn.
"Dear Giles, I would go alone, but I an

25TH YEAR-NO. 1323

But see had uttered a single word of the But see had uttered a single word of the critic, a harsh voice cried 'Forbear.' An after selected Grard in the more men per solution of the critics, a harsh voice cried 'Forbear.' An again selected Grard in the more men and it means the selected Grard in the more word in the selected Grard in the more word in the selected Grard in the more word. And you will be sure to release him on his selected Grard in the more word in the selected Grard in the more word in the selected Grard gra

ag down he saw in the mooning it a sight that evived him: it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and hold stout new rope touched his hand: he sauled and hauled, and dragged the end nto his power, and instantly passed it brough both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly; then sat for a moment to ecover his breath and collect his courage. The isst thing was to make sure that the chest was ound, and capable of resisting his weight soised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave aim. Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst but opened: he had doubtless jumped upon the secret spring. Still it shook in some legree his confidence in the chests powers of esistance; so he gave it an ally: he took the ron bar and fastened it with the small rope curss the large rope, and across the window, if now mounted the chest, and from the chest and half out, with one hand on that part of the tope which was inside. It was a nervous moment, but the free air breathed on his face and gave sim the courage to risk what we must all lose see day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on o the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally to the publisher pope, and when he had got it he worked tia between the palms of his feet, and kept it here tight: then he put his left hand on the dil and gradually wriggled out. Then he seised the iron bar and for one fearful moment hung satside from it by his right hand, while his left hand on the first and seized the rope down at his knees. It was so tight against the wall for his fingers to get at the non oar and for one rearrul moment nung nutside from it by his right hand, while his left hand seized the rope down at his knees. It was so tight against the wall for his fingers to get ound it higher up. The next moment he left she bar and swiftly seized the rope with the tight hand too; but in this maneuvre his body necessarily descended about a yard, and a stifted cry came up from below. Gerard hand nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one or two. He looked up and be looked down. The moon shone upon his prison window; jit seemed very near. The duttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down; so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down. He passed a rusty slimy streak on the wall, it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up. The prison window was a good way eff, new. Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sere.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again; and then, not more than thirty feet below him were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he, fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look sot down."
"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and syed the wall, but came down faster.
In another minute his feet were at their cands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one rapturous, panting embrace.

"Hush! away in silence, dear one."
They stole along the shadow of the wall.
But ere they had gone many yards, suddenly a stream of light shot from an angle of the building, and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and footsteps close at hand.
"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade."
They hurried book parendals.

"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade."

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it when the light shot trembling past them, and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

"A lantern!" groaned Martin, in a whisper. "They are after us."

"Give me my knife," whispered Gerard. "I'll never be taken alive."

"No, no!" murmured Margaret, "is there so way out where we are?"

"None, none! but I carry six lives at my shoulder;" and with the word, Martin stress to bow, and fitted an arrow to the stress.

Ar never wait to be struck; I will fail one or two ere they shall know where their death comes from;" then motioning his companions to be quiet; he began to draw his how, and are the arrow was quite drawn to the head, he glided round the corner ready to loose the string the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life takep.

rept out. Sure enough, a sight struck their eyes, that Sure enough, a sight struck their eyes, that benumbed them as they stood. Half way up he tower, a creature with fiery head, like an atormous glow-worm, was going steadily up he wall, the heely was dark, but its outline visble, and the whole creature not much less than our feet long.

At the foot of the tower stood a thing in thite, that looked exactly like the figure of a semale. Gerard and Margaret palpitated with two.

remale. Gerard and Margaret parpitated with awe.

"The rope—the rope! It is going up the rope—not the wall," gasped Gerard.

As they gazed, the glowwerm disappeared in Gerard's late prison, but its light illuminated the cell inside and reddened the window. The white figure stood motionless below.

Kate and Giles soon reached the haunted tower. Judge their surprise when they found a new rope dangling from the prisoner's window to the ground. o the ground.
"I see how it is," said the inferior intelligence taking facts as they came. "Our Gerard has some down this rope. He has got clear. Up I

some down this rope. Me has got clear. Up I go and see, "
"No, Giles, no," said the superior intelligence blinded by prejudice. "See you not this is glamour. This rope is a line the evil one casts out to wile you to destruction. He know the weaknesses of all our hearts; he has seen how fond you are of going up things. Where should are Gerard procure a rope? how fasten it in the very sky like that? It is not in nature. Holy saints protect us this night, for hell is abroad." "Stuff!" said the dwarf, "the way to hell is lown, and this rope leads up. I never had the luck to go up such a long rope. It may be years ere I fall in with such a long rope all casty fastened for me. As well be knocked on the head at once, as never know enjoy meant."

And he sprung on to the rope with a cry of

And he sprung on to the rope with a cry of felight, as a cat jumps with a mew on a table where fish is. All the gymnast was on fire; and the only concession Kate could gain from him was permission to fasten the lantern on his neck A light scares the ill spirits," said she. "A light scares the ill spirits," said she.
And so, with his huge arms, and legs like cathers, Giles wont up the rope faster than his brother came down it. The light at the mape of his neck made a glow-worm of him. His sister watched his progress with trembling anxious Suddenly a female figure started out of the child amount of the child and the could for her tongue clove to her palate with error. Then she dropped her crutches, and ank upon her knees, hiding her face and monage:

Take my body, but spare my woul

"Take my body, but spare my woul!" etc.
Margaret (painting). "Why it is a woman!"
Kate (quivering) "Why it is a woman!"
Margaret. "How you frightened me."
Kate. "I am frightened enough myselt.
but oh! oh!
"This is strange. But the flery-headed thing!
Let it was with you, and you are harmless,
but why are you here at this time of night?"

"Nay, why are not?"
"Perhaps we are on the same errand? Ah!
rou are his good sister, Kaie."
"And you are Margaret Brandt."

"All the better. You love him: you are nere. Then Giles was right. He has escaped."

Gerard came forward, and put the question at rest. But all farther explanation was cut

Geard came forward, and put the question at rest. But all farther explanation was cut therety a horrible unearthly cry, like a sepalchre exolting aloud:

"PARCHMENT! PARCHMENT! PARCHMENT!"

At each repetition it rose in intensity. They looked up, and there was the dwarf with his hands full of parchments, and his face lighted with flendish joy, and lurid with diabolical fire. The light being at his neck, a more infernal "transparency" never startled mortal eye. With the word the awful imp hurled the parchment down at the astonished heads below. Down came the records, like wounded wild ducks, some collapsed, others fluttering, and others spread out and wheeing slowly down in airy sircles. They had hardly settled, when again the sepulchral roar was heard: "Parchment! Parchment!" and down pattered and sailed another flock of documents—snother followed; they whitened the grass. Finally, the firsheaded imp, with his light body and horny hands, slid down the rope like a falling star, and (business before sentiment) proposed to Gerard an immediate settlement for the merhandise he had just delivered.

"Hearth "acid Gerard: "You speak too load."

thandise he had just delivered.
"Hush!" said Gerard; "you speak too loud.
Cather them up and follow us to a safer place
hun this."

"Will you not come home with me, Gerard?"
"I have no home."
"You shall not say so, Gerard. Who is more welcome than you will be, after this cruel wrong, to your father a house?
"Father? I have no father," said Gerard, sternly. "He that was my father is burned my jailor. I have escaped from his hands; I will never come within their reach again."
"An enemy did this, and not our father," said Kate.

Kate.
And she told him what she had overheard Cor-

And she told him what she had overheard Coraelis and Sybrandt say. But the injury was too recent to be soothed. Gerard showed a bitterness of indignation he had hitherto seemed incapable of.

"Cornelis and Sybrandt are two ill curs that have shown me their teeth and their heart a long while, but they could do no more. My father it is that gave the Burgomaster authority, or he durst not have laid a finger on me, that am a free burgher of this town. So be it, then, I was his son—I am his prisoner. He has played his part—I shall play mine. Farewell the town where I was born and lived honestly, and was put in prison. While there is another town left in creation, I'll never trouble you again. Tergou."

left in creation, I'll never trouble you again. Tergou."

"Oh, Gerard! Gerard!"

Margaret whispered her: "Do not gainsay him now. Give his choler time to cool."

Kate turned quickly toward her. 'Let me look at your face!" The inspection was favorable, it seemed, for she whispered; "It is a comely face, and no mischief-maker's."

"Fear me not," said Margaret, in the same tone. "I could not be happy without your love as well as Gerard's."

"These are comfortable words," sobbed Kate. Then, looking up, she said, "I little thought to like you so well. My heart is willing, but my infirmity will not let me embrace you."

At this point Margaret turned gently round to Gerard's sister, and kissed her lovingly. "Often he has spoken of you to me, Kate, and often I longed for this."

"You, too, Gerard," said Kate, "kiss me ere you go, for my heart lies heavy at parting with you this night."

Gerard kissed her, and she went on he you the hand the come. The last thing they heard of mr was a little patient sigh. Then the team ame and stood thick in Margaret's eyes; but Gerard was a man, and noticed it not.

As they turned to go to Sevenbergen the dwarf nudged Gerard with his bundle of purchasents, and sought remuneration.

"Why take what is not come?"
"Ob! spell an enemy how you cets."
"But may they not reake this a handle for resh violence?"
"How can they? Think you I shall stay in formou after this? The Burgomaster robbed so of my liberty; I would take his life for it!

I could."

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life taken.

CHAPTER XV.

'I hope 'tis the Burgomaster that carries the tight,' said the escaped prisoner panting with a strange mixture of horror and exultation. The soldier, he knew, would send an arrow through a burgher or a burgomaster, as he would through a boar in a wood.

But who may foretell the future, however? The bow, instead of remaining firm and lossing the deadly shaft, was seen to waver first, then shake violently, and the stout soldier stagered back to them, his knee kneeking and his cheeks blanched with fear. He let his arrow fall, and clutched Gerard's shoulder.

"Let me seel flesh and blood," he gasped; "the haunted tower! the haunted tower! the haunted tower! What have been comminicated itself to Margaret and Gerard. They could hardly find breath to sk him what he had seen.

"Ilush!" he cried, "it will hear you. Up the wall, it is going up the wall, its hoad is on fire. Up the wall, as mortal creatures walk apen green sward. If you know a prayer say it. For hell is loose tonight."

"In have power to exercise spirits," said Gerard. They could hardly find breath to sk him what he had seen.

"On alone, then," said Martin, "I have looked on't none and live."

Gerard stepped forth, and Margaret seized as hand and held it convulsively, and they crept out.

Sure enough, a sight struck their eyes, that become and have at they would then as they struck their eyes, that become and have an all surprise would be subject when it is surprise would be such as they close to him and peeped as should be an incommendate and held it convulsively, and they create the convergence of the empty of any the surprise would be such as a subject when his master, disregarding all also.

CHAPTER AVI.

Chysbrecht Van Sarieten kept the key of berard's prison in his pouch. He waited till on of the clock ere he visited him; for he said o himself. "A little hunger sometimes does rell; it breaks them." At ten he crept up the sairs with a load and pitcher, followed by himself with a load and head of the load. A lithough his face was not visible, his body cannot be load all motion in so peculiar a way, ad then after a little he fell trembling so, that be servant behind him saw there was someting amiss, and kept close to him and peeped with a shoulder. At sight of the empty all and the rope, and iron bar, he uttered a load accountion of wonder; but his surprise subled when his master, disregarding all elso, eldenly flung himself on he mees, before the opty chest, and felt widlig all over it with avering hands, as if unwilling to trust his gree in a matter so important.

The servant gazed at him in utter bestledament. "Why, master, what is the matter."

Chysbrecht's pale lips worked as if he was

Chysbrecht's pale lips worked as if he was sing to answer; but they uttered no sound; to hands fell by his side, and he stared into the best.

"Why, master, what avails glaring into that opty box? He is not there. See here! Note to cuming of the young rogue; he hath taken ut the bar, and—""GONE! GONE!"
"Gone? What is gone? Holy saints! he is danet-struck!"
"STOP THIEF!" shricked Ghysbrecht, and addenity turned on his averant and college.

"STOP THIEF!" shricked Ghysbrecht, and addenly turned on his rervant and collared sim, and shook him with race. "D'ye stand here, knave, and see your mastet robbed? Run, ty! A hundred crowns to him that finds it magain. No, no! 'lis in vain! Oh, foo!! foo!! sol! so leave that in the same room with him! But one ever found the secret spring before. Bone wer would but he. It was to be. It is to be, ast! lost!" And his years and infirmity now ained the better of his short-lived phrenzy, and sank on the chest muttering "lost! lost!" "What is lost, master?" said the servant, mody.

"What is lost, master?" said the servant, indly.
"House and lands and good name "ground hyphrecht, and wrong his hands feebly.
"What?" cried the servant.
This emphatic word and the tone of eager cusiosity struck on Ghyslrecht's ear, and revived is natural cunning.
"I have lost the town records," stammered e, and he looked askant at the man like a for aught near a hen-roost. "Oh, is that all?"

"Oh, is that all?"
"Is't not enough! What will the burghers ay to me? What will the burgh do?" Then we suddenly burst out again, "A hundred rowns to him a suddenly burst out again, "A hundred rowns to him a suddenly burst out again, "A hundred rowns to him a suddenly burst out again, "I can be be seen to him a suddenly burst out again, and the burgher all a suddenly burst out again, "A hundred crowns are in my pouch. See you not that where Gerdeepskin you rate so high?"

Out faithful Dierich! All points all these

be toads are and the rats. Dierich, that man nust never see daylight again. Tis his own ant. He must be prying. Quick, quick! see he has time to talk, you know, time to alk."

and. He must be prying. Quick, quick! or he has time to talk, you know, time to alk."

In less than half an hour Dierich Brower and our constabl s entered the hosier's house and emanded yo ung Gerard of the panic-stricken hatherine.

"Alas! what has he done now?" cried she; 'that boy will break my heart."

"Nay, dame, but a trick of youth," said bierich. "He hath but made off with certain kins of parchment, in a frolic doubtless; but he Burgomasier is answerable to the burgh for heir safe keeping, so he is in care about them; a for the youth, he will doubtless be quit for reprimand."

This smooth speech completely imposed a Catherine; but her daughter was more suitcious, and that suspicion was strengthened by he disproportionate anger and disappointment bierich showed the moment he learned Gerard can not at home—had not been at home that aight.

"Come away then," said he roughly. "We re wasting time." He added, vehemenently, we'll find him if he is above ground."

Affection sharpens the wis, and often has it adds an innocent person more than a match for he willy. As Dierich was going out, Este and him a signal she would speak with him rivately. He bade his men go on, and waited utside the door. She joined him.

"Hush," said she, "my mother knows not. serard has left Tergou."

"How!"

"I saw him last night."

"How!"
"I saw him last night."
"Ay? Where?" cried Dierich, eagerly.
"At the foot of the haunted tower."

"At the foot of the haunted tower."
"How did he get the rope?"
"I know not; but this I know; my brother ierard bade me there farewell, and he is many eagues from Tergou ere this. The town, you now, was always unworthy of him, and when timprisoned him he vowed never to set foot in tagain. Let the Burgomaster be content, hen. He has imprisoned him, and he has driven im from his birth-place and from his native and. What need now to rob him and us of our good name?"
This might at another moment have struck lierich as good sense; but he was too mortified t this escape of Gerard and the loss of a hunired crowns.
"What need he to smal?" retorted he, bitter-

Gerard stole not the trash: he but took it to "terard stole not the trash: he but fook it to pite the Burgomaster, who stole his liberty; the shall answer to the Duke for it, he shall, seek in the nearest brook or sty, and maybe ou shall find these skins of parchment you teep such a coil about."

"Think ye so, mistress? think ye so?" And Dierich's eyes flashed. "Mayhap you know tis so."

"This I know, that Gerard is too good to teal, and too wise to load himself with rubbish, coing a journey."

"Give you good-day, then," said Dierich, barply. "The sheepskin you scorn, I value it more than the skin of any he in Tergou."

And he went off hastily on a false scent.

Eate returned into the house and drew Giles wide.

"Giles, my heart misgives me; breathe not o a soul what I say to you. I have told Dirk frower that Gerard is out of Holland, but much doubt he is not a league from Tergou."
"Why, where is he, then."
"Where should he be, but with her he loves?

"Where should he be, but with her he loves? Out if so he must not loiter. These be deep and tark and wicked men that seek him. Giles, I see that in Dirk Brower's eyo makes me tremale. Oh! why can I not I fly to Sevenbergen, and bid him away. Why am I not lusty and setive like other girls? God forgive me for retting at his will; but I never felt till now that it is to be lame, and weak, and useless. But you are strong, dear Giles," added she, caxingly—"you are very strong."

"Yes, I am strong!" thundered Perpusillus ben, catching sight of her meaning, "but I ust to go ou foot," he added, sulkily.

"Alse! alas! who will help me if you will sot? Dear Giles, do you not love Gerard?"

"Yes, I like him best of the lot. I'll go to sevenbergen on Peter Buysken his mule. Address the me."

Kate remonstrated. The whole town weak silon. It would be known whither here.

Giles parried this by promising to ride out e

Giles parried this by promising to ride out a the town the opposite way, and not turn the male's head toward Sevenberger till he had go rid of the curious.

Mate then assented, and horrowed the mule she charged Giles with a short, but meaning message, and made him repeat it after her, over and over, till he should say it word for word. Giles started on the mule, and little Kate retired, and did the last thing now in her power for her beloved brother; prayed on her kneed long and earnestly for the safety.

rote what Catherine bade him; put in a word of his own.

"All the constablet were at our house after you, and so was Dirk Brower. Kate is wise, Gerard. Best give ear to her advice, and fly."

"Oh, yos! Gerard," cried Margaret, wildly. "Fly on the instant. A's! those parchments; my mind misgave me: why did I let you take them?"

"Margaret, they are but a blind: Giles says in no matter, the old caitiff shall nover see

"Oh, is that all?"
"Is't not enough! What will the burghers ay to me? What will the burgh do?" Then wouldenly burst out again, "A hundred rowns to him?" "A learned them again; I will not go till I have bisiden as them again; I will not go till I have bisiden as them again; I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure, I will not go till I have bisiden as treasure where he shall never see the magning is treasure where he shall never see warnly, and then for warnly as the market bisiden as the magning of the hard them, after thanking the warnly, and every you reach home, "sak abo. He shouted for Martin: and told him what had happoned, and warnly as the warnly as t

reathed again. He went with Margaret, and while she watched the oak-tree tremblingly, earing every moment to see an arrow strike among the branches, Gerard dug a deep hole to sury the parchments in.

He threw them in, one by one. They were nearly all charters and records of the burgh; out one appeared to be a private deed between floris Brandt, father of Peter, and Ghystrecht.

pearly all charters and records of the burght out one appeared to be a private deed between floris Brandt, father of Peter, and Ghysterecht.

"Why this is as much yours as his," said Gerard. "I will read this,"

"Oh, not now, Gerard, not now, "eried Margaret. "a very moment you lose fills me with foar; and see, large drops of fain are beginning o fall, and the clouds lower."

Gerard vielded to this remonstrance; but he put the deed into his bosom, and threw the arth in over the others, and stamped it down. While thus employed there came a flash of dightning followed by a peal of distant thunder, and the rain came down heavily. Margaret and Gerard ran into the house, whither they were speedily followed by Martin.

"The road is clear," said he, "and a heavy storm coming on."

His words proved true. The thunder came pearer and nearer till it crashed overhead: the lashes followed one another close, like the strokes of a whip, and the rain fell in torrents. Margaret hid her face not to see the lightning. On this, Gerard put up the rough shutter, and lighted the candle. The lovers consulted together, and Gerard blessed the storm that gave him a few hours more with Margaret. The sun set anperceived, and still the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed, and the rained poured. Supper was set; but Gerard and Margaret could not eat: the thought that this was the last they should sup together, choked them. The storm luled a little. Peter retired to rest. But Gerard was to go at peep of day, and neither he nor Margaret could afford to lose an hour in sleep. Martin sat up a while, too; for he was fitting a new string to his bow, a matter in which he was very nice.

The lovers murmured their sorrows and their eve beside him.

eve beside him.
Suddenly the old man held up his hand to Suddenly the old man held up his hand to them to be silent.

They were quiet and listened, and heard mothing. But the next moment a footstep crackled faintly upon the autumn leaves that lay strewn in the garden at the back door of the house. To these who had nothing to fear such a step would have said nothing; but to those who had enemies it was terrible. For it was a foot trying to be moiseless.

mies it was terrible. For it was a foot trying to be moiseless.

Martin fitted an arrow to his string, and hastily blew out the candle. At this moment, to their horror, they heard more than one footstep approach the other door of the cottage, not quite so noiselessly as the other, but very stealthily—and then a dead pause. Their blood almost froze in their veins.

"Oh, Kate! 6h, Kate! She said, fly on the instant!" And Margaret moaned and wrung her hands in anguish and terror and wild remeree.

"Hush, girl!" said Martin, in a stern whis-

"Hush, girl!" said Martin, in a stern whisper; and even at that moment a heavy knoch fell on the door.

As if this had been a concerted signal, the back door was struck as rudely the next instant. They were hemmed in. But at these alarming sounds Margaret seemed to recover some share of self-possession. She whispered, "Say he was here, but is gone." And with this she seized Gerard and almost dragged him up the rade steps that led to her father's sleeping-room. Her own lay next beyond it.

The blows on the door were repeated.
"Who knocks at this hour?"
"Open, and you will see!"
"I open not to thieves—honest men are all abed now."
"Open to the law, Martin Wittenhaagen, a you shall rue it."
"Why, that is Dirk Brower's voice, I trow What make you so far from Tergou?"
"Open, and you will know."
Martin drew the bolt, and in rushed Dieriel and four more. They let in their companion who was at the back door.
"New, Martin, where is Gerard Gerardscoon?"
"Gerard Gerardscoon? Why he was here by "

"Gorard Gerardssoen? Why he was here but bow."
"Was here?" Disrich's countenance fall
"And where is he new?"
"We matter. When did he go? Tell meat that he went in such a storm as this!"

\$1 FOR 16 MONTHS

"Here is a coil about Gerard Gerards

Glies parried this by promising to ride out the control of the con

Piercing shricks issued from the inner bon-Margaret's,
"They have taken him," grouned Martin's they have got him,"
It flashed through flartin's mind in one ment, that if they took Gerard away his life was not worth a button; and that, if evil befolium, Margaret's heart would break. He cast its eyes wildly around, like some savage beast seeking an escape, and in a twinkling he formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those beast seeking and a soldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

chapter and of a seldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He stepped to each door in turn, and hortaging withfallow!" He then quietly closed and seldier driven took up his bow and arrows; one he fitted to his string, the state with the calm between he put into his quiver. His knife he glosed upon a chair behind him, the hilt swutch him; and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men or be slain by them. If we he knew, he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance, hand-to-hand, with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men paniestricken by a sudden attack of his sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate at an instant, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would be on the right side.

He had not long to wait. The heavy steps counded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer.

The light also approached, and voices.

Martin's heart, stout as it was, beat hard, because men coming thus to their death, and, possaps to his, more likely so than not; for four is long odds in a battle-field of ten feet square, and ferrard might be bound, parhaps, and powerless to help. But this man, whom we have seen hake in his shoes at a Giles-o'-lantern, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his body all braced for combat, and his eyes glowing, equally ready to take life and to lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exile instant and for life, and to lose it was a to die that moment, upon that floor he stepded in his first sleep. They epened his cupboardist they and their knives into an alligator he had nailed by his wall; they locked under his head in laided, yet glassed, and he noither are when it is first sleep. They epened his cupboardist they had been and he had been a search of, pale and motionlest, his head in his first sleep. They epened his cupboardist they had been and here he found the man he had been a search of, pale and motionlest, his head in his first slee

Disrich Brower and his men found Peter in als first sleep. They opened his cupboards, they an their knives into an alligator he had nailed to his wall; they looked under his bed; it was a large room and apparently full of hiding places but they found no Gerard.

Then they went on to Margaret's room, the rery sight of it was discouraging—it was small and hare, and not a cupboard in it; there was, however, a large fireplace and chimney. Disrich's eve fell on these directly. Here they found the beauty of Sevenbergen sleeping on an old chest, not a foot high, and no attempt made to cover it; but the sheets were snowy white, and so was Margaret's own linen. And there she lay, looking like a lily fallen into a rut. Presently she awoks, and sat up in the bed, ike one amazed; then, seeing the men, began to scream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do." said he, a little confused.

stream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do," said he, a little confused.

"We are not going to hurt you my pretty maid.
Lie you still, and shut vour eyes, and think of your wedding night, while I look up this chimsey to see if Master Gerard is there."

"Gerard! in my room?"

"Why not? They say that you and he—".

"Grued; you know they have driven him away from me—driven him from his native place. This is a blind. You are thieves; you are not men of Sevenbergen, or you would know Margret Brandt bettee than to look for her lover in this room of all others in the world. Oh, brave! Four great bulking men to come, armed to the teeth, to fasult one poor, honest girl. The women that live in your ewn houses must be naught, or you would respect them too much to insult a girl of good character."

"There, come away, before we hear worse," eaid Dierich, hastily. "He is not in the chimney. Plaster will mend what a cadgel breaking but a woman's tongue is a double-edged dagger, and a girl is a womap with her mother's mills still in her."

And he beat a hasty retreat.

"I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be."

Where is the woman that can not act a part! Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves. Nature on these great occasions, comes to the aid of the simples of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Selection.

of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust an omon's eyes.

The man had no sooner retired than Margares stepped out of bed, and opened the long chest of which she had been lying down in her skirt and petitional and stockings, and night-dress over all; and put the lid, bedclothes and all, against the wall; then glided to the door and listened. The footsteps died away through her father room, and down the stairs.

Now, in that chest there was a poculiarity that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect.

that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect.

A part of the boarding of the room had been broken, and Gorard being applied to to make a look nester, and being short of materials, has ingeniously sawed away a space sufficient just to admit Margaret's soi-distant bed, and wild the materials thus acquired he had repaired the whole room.

She took him by the shoulders; she cheek him; she lifted him; but he escaped from her trembling hands, and fell back not the a man but like a body. A great dread fell on her. The lid had been down. She had lain upon

The lid had been down. See has men upon it.

The men had been some time in the rown. With all the strength of franky, she tore him not the window. She dashed the window. She dashed the window. She dashed the window of the sweet air came in. She laid him in a men the moonlight. His face was the color tabee, his body was all limp and motionless the felt his heart. Horror! It was as etill as the rest. Horror of herrors; she had stilled aim with her own body!

CHAPTER EX. The mind cannot all at once believe so and sudden and strange a calamity. Gerard, she had got alive into the chest scarce for ninutes ago, how could be be dead?

She called him by all the endearing name hat heart could think, or tongue could frame, the kissed him and foudled him and coaxed him, and implered him to speak to her.

No answer to words of love, such as she had sever attended to him before, nor thought she could atter. Then the poor creature, trembling all over, began to say over that white face lipte footish things, that were at once terrible and the could be compared to the could be cou

riid desire to scream in her terror and and uish.

"If he would but say one word. Oh! Geard! don't die without a word. Have mercy in me and scold me, but speak to me; if you are ngry with me, scold me! curse me! I deserve i! the idiot that killed the man she loves beser than herself. Ah! I am a murderess. The porst in all the world. Help! help! I ave murdered him. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! h!"
She tore her hair, and uttered shrick after brick so wild, so piercing, they fell like a knell pon the ears of Dierich Brower and his meadl started to their feet, and looked at one and

CHAPTER XXL CHAPTER XXI.

Martin Wittenhaagen, standing at the foot of he stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the ead, and his knife behind them, was struck on the stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the ead, and his knife behind them, was struck of the mean come back rithout Gerard; he lowered his bow, and looked open mouthed at them. They, for their art, were equally surprised at the attitude they ad caught him in.

"Why, mates, was the old fellow making eady to shoot one of ms?"

"Stuff!" said Martin, recovering his stells omposure, "I was but trying my new string. here, I'd unstring my bow, if you thing hat."

"Humph!" said Dierich suspiciously, "there isomething more in you shan I understand; ut a log on, and let us dry our hides a bit, ere A blazing fire was seen made, and the mediathered round it, and their clothes and long air were soon smoking from the cheerful blace, hen it was that the shricks were heard in Maranton manager with a sure as an end of them seems to candle, a farm up the specific manager with the street of the st

CHAPTER XXII.

Jorian Ketal went straight to Margaret's com, and there he found the man he had been a search of, pale and motionless, his head in dargaret's lap, and she knedleg over his, aute now, and strickes tostone. Her eyes the lilated, yet glassed, and she neither saw the light nor heard the man, nor cared for anything on earth but the white face in her lap. Jorian stood awe-struck, the candle sheking a his hand.

Why, where was he, then all the time?

Margaret heeded him not. Jorian went to be empty chest and inspected it. He began to comprehend. The gin's dumb and frozen desparance of him.

"This is a sorry sight," said he: "it is a dack night's work; all for a few skins! letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so. She is letter have gene with us than so, she is letter have gene with us than so, the is letter have gene with us than so, the is letter have gene with us than so, the is and his hand, and put it to Gerard's mouth and lostr's, and held it there. When he withdrew t, it was duil. Jorian Ketel gave a joyful sy:

"There is LIFE IN HIM. GIRL!"

nan his hand, and put it to terard's mouts and costr's, and held it there. When he withdrew t, it was dull. Jorian Ketel gave a joyful sy:

"THERE IS LIFE IN HIM, GIRL!"

At that word, it was as if a statue had started into life and passion. Margaret ross, and tung her arms round Jorian's neck.

"Oh bless the tongue that tells me so!" and he kissed the great rough fellow again and gain, eagerly a most fiercely.

"There, there! let us lay him warm," said forian; and in a moment he raised Gerard, and aid him on the bed-clothes. Then he took; flask he carried, and filled his har! when with Schiedamms, and fung is shaped y each time in Gerard's face. The punged iquor co-operated with his recovery—he gaves aint sigh. Oh, never was sound so joyful to imman ear. She flew toward him, but then topped, quivering for fear she should hurt him, she had lost all confidence in herself.

"That is right—let him alone," said Jorian 'don't go cuddling him as you did me, or you'll rive his breath back again. Let him alones is sure to come to. Tian't like as if he was in old man."

Gerard sighed deeply, and a 'laist streak of color stole to his lips. Jorian made for the loor. He had hardly reached it, when he found its legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret! She cuited man he had back into his grave, to under he form its legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret! She cuited him alone its legs reized from behind.

It was Margaret! She cuited him alone its legs reized from behind.

It was Margaret! She cuited him had a cuited him. "You won't tall? You won't had life; you have not the heart to first im back into his grave, to under you'd his life; you have not the heart to first im back into his grave, to under you'd his life; you have not the heart to first im back into his grave, to under you'd his life; you have not the heart to first important to his first the first time of the first ti

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And she seized her own throat to check her